

WIT and HUMOR



CANVASSER MEETS HIS EQUAL

Aggressive Sewing Machine Agent
Runs Into Undertaker and is
Forced to Retreat.

He was a sewing machine agent of the most aggressive type. For 20 minutes the lady of the house had been awaiting an opportunity to say the already possessed one. At last he paused. Only long enough, however, to thrust a card into the lady's hand. The bit of pasteboard was certainly a novelty.

"My name is Sellum," it read, "of the firm of Bland and Company, sewing machine manufacturers, and I intend to prove to you that it is made to deter purchasing one of our unequalled machines." After a long description of the machine came the following: "You may plead that you are unable to work a machine. I will remove that objection in 15 minutes, or in three lessons. Will call next Wednesday."

When the agent called again a six-foot man opened the door and blandly remarked:

"You're the sewing machine man, I suppose?"

"Yes, I called last week, and—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted the big man. "You don't know me, I suppose? My name's Bury, of Bury and Keepem, undertakers, and I intend to prove to you that it is madnes to defer purchasing one of our unequalled coffins."

The agent began to edge away.

"You may plead that you are scarcely qualified for a coffin," the big man went on. "I will remove that objection in ten seconds."

But the agent simply flew from the house.

A Drifting Apart.

"Well, what did you think of Dr. Plumper's sermon this morning?" asked Mrs. Poopleigh of Mr. Poopleigh, as they were returning home.

"I'm afraid, my dear," said Mr. Poopleigh, "that I failed to catch the drift of his remarks."

"No doubt, no doubt," observed Mrs. Poopleigh, in caustic tones. "And the reason why you failed to catch the drift of Dr. Plumper's remarks was probably because you yourself were drifting toward Slumberland."

COULDN'T LOSE HIM.



Tom—She broke the engagement.
Dick—What did Harry do?
Tom—He sent her a bill for the use of the engagement ring for the time they were engaged.

At Two in the Morning.

The Jolly Fellow (to the man above, who has been dragged from his bed by the wild ringing of his front doorbell)—One of your windows is wide open.

Mr. Dressing Gown—Thanks, awfully old man. Which one is it?

The Jolly Fellow—The one you have your head out of. Ta ta!—Pearson's Weekly.

Not Fishless.

Bill—Where have you been?
Bill—Fishing.

"Any luck?"
"Well, I'm taking home quite a few fish."

"Where are they?"
"In my pocket. I stopped at the store and bought a can of sardines."

An Encouraging Observation.

"The prayers delivered at the great conventions have been beautiful."
"Yes," replied the delegate. "I am pleased to observe that our nation is progressing in religious ideas. The prayers were the only utterances that met with unanimous approval."

Doctor's Revenge.

Landlady—You believe in mustard plasters?

M. D.—Rather! I always order them for patients who call me out in the middle of the night when there's nothing the matter with 'em.—The Scalpel.

William D. Haywood of Denver, general organizer of the Industrial Workers of the World, was arrested in Boston Sunday on a capias warrant issued as the result of an indictment by the Essex county grand jury charging him conspiracy in connection with the great strike of textile workers in Lawrence last winter. He was released on \$1000 bonds.

BOOK BOUND IN 1,000 GEMS

Original Edition of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam is the Most Costly in the World.

The most costly bound book in the world is a copy of the original edition of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, the green-morocco covers of which are literally studded with a thousand gems set in gold. To be exact, there are 1,050 stones in gold settings, firmly fixed in the leather, the book having taken nearly two years to produce. The gems include rubies, amethysts, emeralds, garnets, turquoise, topazes, and olivines. The front cover, besides being richly gilded with flashing jewels, is decorated with three peacocks inlaid in the natural color. The eyes of the feathers are jeweled with six stones each, topazes, being especially cut to the correct shape of the eye. The eyes of the birds are rubies and the crests of topazes. A border depicting a vine has 250 amethysts studded in groups to represent bunches of grapes. On the back cover of this marvelous book is a faithful model of a Persian mandoline made of mahogany and inlaid with silver, pearl, satin-wood, and ebony. A snake with eyes of emeralds and a skull with teeth of ivory are other ornaments of this unique book, which is cased in a carved oak casket.

Whistling Blackbird.

The English town of Walthamstow, Essex, has a blackbird that is an expert whistler. Its whistle is loud and clear—a rare accomplishment for an English blackbird. Its name is "Joe." When "Joe" was being photographed, the other day, the photographer gave him a couple of worms. Whereupon "Joe" whistled notes that Walthamstow understands to mean, "Are you working?" The photographer took the hint, and while he was busy with his camera "Joe" struck up "If you want to know the time ask a policeman." Two dancing ditties were given in admirable time and tune, and in response to a call for an encore "Joe" whistled "The Old Folks at Home" in swinging style. The owner of the bird caught it two years ago when it was a young one, and it took him nearly two years to teach it to become an accomplished whistler. The owner thinks the bird is the largest specimen in the country. It measures eleven inches from the tip of the tail to the end of the beak.

Longevity of Birds.

It used to be contended that ravens lived longer than any other species of birds, and it was said that their age frequently exceeded a century. Recent studies of the subject indicate that no authentic instances of a raven surpassing seventy years of age is of record. But parrots have been known to attain an age of one hundred years. There is a record of a golden eagle which died at Schoenbrunn at the age of 118 years. Another golden eagle was kept in the tower of London for ninety years. A third died at Vienna 104 years old. Geese and swans are tenacious of life, and extraordinary accounts exist of the great age they have attained. Buffon and other authorities have credited them with eighty and one hundred years of life.—Harper's Weekly.

Wonderful Rain Tree.

That is a wonderful tree which flourishes on Fierro, one of the larger islands of the Canary group. Fierro is so dry that not even a small rivulet is to be found on it, and for that absence of water a curious compensation is made by nature in providing a tree such as is not found elsewhere.

The leaves of this tree are long and narrow and they remain green the year through. The gentle mystery of this tree, as travelers assure us, is a cloud that hovers over it constantly and condensing into water, saturates the leaves, from which the moisture drops continually and keeps the elements which are in excavations beneath them always well filled with water. These rain trees are few on the island, which, it is said, accounts for its sparse population.

Starlings as Planters.

Starlings were first noticed flocking up Gramond island, a short distance from Edinburgh, in unusual numbers in the autumn of 1899 and they continued to frequent the place for some years until, as is their habit, they deserted it for a fresher and cleaner spot. A recent visit to the island showed a remarkable after result of the starlings' visit. In the small plantation, which consisted of Scots fir trees or stunted growth, there is now a strong showing of bourtree bushes. The starlings feed greedily on the berries on the bourtree and from the seeds there is now grown up a crop of trees introduced by the agency of the starlings.—London Globe.

Musical Chicks.

A farmer near the town of Sunbury, Pa., has a brood of Rhode Island Red chicks that he claims are musical. Several weeks ago a friend presented to him a setting of eggs from his pen. On his way home the farmer stopped at another friend's house, and while he was being entertained the eggs, in a shoe box, were placed on the piano. The friend played several selections during the evening. Going home, the farmer set the eggs under a Plymouth Rock biddy, and twelve chickens were hatched. Now that they have grown big enough to make a noise, each has a "peep" that makes a complete note. When the entire twelve make a noise it sounds like the running of the musical scale.—Exchange.

Three persons were killed and 50 injured by a tornado which worked a 10-mile trail of destruction across the northern part of Onondaga county, N. Y., late Sunday afternoon. The property loss is estimated at \$250,000.

The largest freshman class of recent years was on hand for the opening of the new year of St. Johnsbury academy. There are over 100 in the class.

THE SCRAP BOOK



Man Power and Coal Power.

Does any one realize the power of coal as a worker? A man was set to work to pump as hard as he could all day, and at the end of ten hours it was found that he had done just as much work as a little less than two ounces of coal could do, says Answers.

Taking all the energy put forth by a hard-working man during one whole year, the same amount of force would be furnished by thirty-six pounds of good coal, or say forty pounds of average coal.

We produce six tons a head of population, and this contains the energy of 336 men working for a whole year.

Of course even in our best engines the greater part of the working energy of coal is wasted. But even if only one-tenth is turned to account, one and a half hundredweight of coal is equal to a man working for 300 days of the year.

A horse can do as much work as ten men, but one and a quarter pounds of coal has as much working force as a horse expends in one day. So that a ton of coal, if we could use all its force, would do as much work as six horses working for a whole year.

The Supreme Court.

For the supreme court of the United States there is no exact precedent, either in the ancient or the modern times. In making the great Constitution, the "Fathers" availed themselves of all past knowledge and experience, but it was probably from the French publicist Montesquieu that they got their idea of the Supreme Court. In his book, "The Spirit of the Laws," Montesquieu, after making a masterly analysis of all forms of government, used these words: "There is no liberty if the judicial power be not separated from the legislative and the executive." The framers of the Constitution knew Montesquieu's book well, and there is not any room for doubt about getting the idea of the Supreme Court from that source.

Perilous Ride.

Two sailors going from London to Glasgow had a perilous ride on a recent night on buffers on the Scotch express. They concealed themselves at Euston, and got on the buffers of a passenger carriage. The train left Euston at midnight, and is timed to travel at a mile a minute, a distance of 150 miles, being the first stop. When the express pulled up the men seemed terribly frightened, and more dead than alive. They said that the journey was piteously cold. As they passed through three long tunnels the hot cinders emitted from the engine fire scorched them, while they were nearly suffocated by smoke. They presented a woful appearance when taken into custody at Crewe charged with traveling without tickets.

The Rain.

About three-quarters of the rain which refreshes the continents of the earth is due to the condensation of the vapors rising from the soil and not to those coming from the oceans. Elaborate estimates, based on all available data as presented in Germany, show that the annual rainfall for the entire globe is equivalent to a layer of water enveloping the earth to a depth of about three feet. The quantity of rain water and melted snow falling in a year is put at 11,000 cubic miles. More than two-thirds of this fall upon the sea. South America is, it is said, the only one of the continents on which the annual rainfall on land exceeds that on the surface of the sea.

Helen's Age.

Marriage was certainly not always contracted at an early age in ancient or classical days. We cannot recall an instance of a Biblical woman being married young. The glory of the classical age around which so many famous romances gather, Helen of Troy, the beautiful wonder of her time, was forty-seven when she married Menelaus, fifty when she eloped, or was abducted by the youth Paris, and over sixty when she re-captured Menelaus by her beauty and induced him to take her back. This was in a land where women now grow old soon. Yet none of the ancient Greek writers seem to have thought the story remarkable on account of her age.

Rhodes.

Rhodes, recently brought to the public notice by the Italian attack, is said to have been peopled from Crete as early as B. C. 916. Rhodes, its chief city, was built about B. C. 430 and had its most flourishing time from 250 to 200 B. C., after which it began to decline. It was at Rhodes that the famous Colossus stood, for a long time one of the "Seven Wonders" of the world. The island and city are replete with history, especially in connection with the celebrated orders of knights, chief among which were the Hospitallers and the Knights of St. John. It fell into the hands of the Turks about 1522.

A passenger train ran into a deer near Wallingford Thursday, breaking both its hind legs so it had to be shot, after which it was sold to a local butcher.

Isaac Aldrich of West Burke, who celebrated his 98th birthday anniversary last spring, was present at polling place election day and cast his vote.

ENGINE WITH ONE CYLINDER

Boston Man Claims That It Will Revolutionize Industry—Takes Weight Off of Fly Wheel.

After experimenting for ten years, Fred H. Gile of Boston, who has been a clergyman, physician and lawyer in turn, believes that he has invented a unicycle engine which will revolutionize the industry.

"I began experimenting while I was pastor of a church in Scituate," said Mr. Gile, according to the Boston Traveler. "My boys were running a bicycle shop there and I became interested in the mechanism of engines. I have devoted a great deal of my time since then to the subject and now have evolved an engine with only one cylinder, which does the work of the ordinary four cylinder engine. From this engine I get six times as much power as from an ordinary engine of the same size."

"By my arrangement I have done away with weight on the fly or balance wheel. In the ordinary engine the balance or fly wheel is the heaviest part of it, but in mine it is the lightest part. For instance, while the flywheel of an ordinary engine of eight horse power weighs between 200 and 300 pounds, mine weighs only 40. This is because I get a continuous impulse and do not need a heavy flywheel to balance the machine."

"My engine is practically noiseless and either kerosene, alcohol or gasoline may be used in it. There is also less vibration to it."

"I consider this engine of mine a wonderful thing for motor boats, as it does away with weight as well as giving more power in a small space. No fire ever comes out of the exhaust as the engine uses up the charge entirely. You can't hear any noise from the engine six feet away."

TOOL RACK IS THIEF PROOF

Stand Provided With Means for Preventing Mysterious Disappearance of Implements.

A stand tool rack provided with a means for preventing the mysterious disappearance of shop tools is shown in the accompanying illustration, says the Popular Mechanic. The larger



Thief-Proof Rack.

tools are held in the circular rack by dropping the handles through the slots, and in the center is a shallow tray for smaller tools. The tools are locked in place by swinging a large circular steel cover over them and padlocking it.

TO MAKE PAPER FROM GRASS

Mill to Be Started at El Paso, Tex., to Compel Weed to Yield Easy Profit to Farmers.

El Paso, Tex., is to have a paper mill alongside the arena in which that famous place has had other kinds of mills which are more talked about. This new mill is of a good deal of consequence as compared with the pugmill. It is to make paper of bear grass. Even the thrifty wisdom of Texas was not equal to making anything but a nuisance of bear grass before the paper idea was worked out at St. Louis. After five years of success in Missouri, El Paso, in the midst of millions of acres of the grass, is going to make paper. It is claimed that the highest grades of paper for ordinary print and commercial uses can be made of bear grass, and the price range lower, because there is an abundant supply and the cost is all in gathering the grass. An acre of bear grass makes nearly as much paper as an acre of Maine spruce trees and the grass grows annually. It looks like sharp competition for the spruce which grows in no such hurry as that by about 40 years.—Worcester Telegram.

Humane Killing of Cattle.

A kind of pistol, using as projectile a steel bolt permanently attached to the barrel, is a new instrument for the humane slaughtering of animals. The muzzle is pressed against the head of the sheep, pig or steer and a charge of smokeless powder drives the bolt into the animal. If turned aside, there is no bullet to go astray and do harm. The report is light, no skill is required, and it is claimed that the method is very effective. In Germany, where it has been a considerable time under trial, it has given good results.

Novel Use of Cement.

At Hamburg there are two bridges the masonry of which was threatening to fall in ruins, being traversed by innumerable cracks of varying size. A remarkable process has just been made use of to rejuvenate these bridges. A number of holes were bored through the structure so as to give access to the interior and cement was injected by pumps under pressure. Reports on the present condition of the two bridges are favorable.

Hancock felt the effects of the storm Saturday, September 7, considerably. Streams overflowed their banks and the road in some places was rendered impassable for a time. Gardens and crops were destroyed and the house belonging to Carl Eaton was struck by lightning, which played about in a peculiar manner. Windows were broken out, clapboards torn off and the back of a bureau was wrenched off, the bolt passing down through the floor.

MAKE GOOD AS INSTRUCTORS

Veteran Major Players Are in Big Demand as Coaches—Where Some Are Now Located.

It will not be long before all the major league teams are carrying former players as coaches. The Giants have the veteran Wilbert Robinson of the champion Orioles of 1894 to direct matters on the lines in addition to McGraw. The Brooklynians employ Willie Keeler as Dahlen's first lieutenant. The Philadelphiaans are paying Paddy Moran to coach the pitchers and steer the base-runners. The Chicago White Sox have an able war secretary in Kid Gleason. Harry Davis of the Clevelanders relies upon Paddy Livingston for expert advice and the Detroiters are carrying the old time catchers, Jim McGuire and Joe Sugden.

Some of the young players just breaking into the big leagues never heard of their veteran instructors before. Charley Farrell, better known as the Duke of Marlboro, who is in the employ of the Boston Nationals as head coach, recently took a youngster in hand and tried to show him something about the fine points of the game.

"Say, you big lobster," exclaimed the new recruit, "what did you ever do to be telling me how to play ball? Hey?"

Farrell was dumfounded and couldn't speak. John Ward, however, came to his rescue and said:

"Young fellow, I'll tell you what he did! He was the best catcher in the National league in 1897, when he handled Ruess and Meekin for the Giants under my management. He also caught great ball for the Chicago, Boston, Washingtons and champion Brooklynists!"

"That may be all true," replied the cub, "but he's a new one on me, and he can't play ball now."

"If you'll listen to his advice," said Ward, "you'll succeed." But the recruit was as stubborn as the proverbial mule and soon drew his walking papers.

DOWNY BACK WITH CHICAGO

Player, Who Was Let Go to Cincinnati and Then to Philadelphia, Rejoins His Old Team.

Tom Downey has been added to the Cubs roster by the waiver route and has rejoined the same team with which he first broke into the major league ranks. Tom was let go to Cincinnati and played short for the



Tom Downey.

Reds. Then he was disposed of to Philadelphia and filled in at third during Lobert's absence. The Phillies asked for waivers and Manager Chance refused to waive claim.



Pittsburg papers allege that they believe the Pirates and the Cubs may yet hustle the Giants some at the finish.

Jake Welmer, former star of the Cubs, Giants and the Reds, is now a commission merchant in the stockyards.

Pitcher Hanke, who trained with the Athletics in 1910, has been signed by the Allentown team of the Tri-State league.

Jimmy Diger's unconditional release didn't keep him out of a job long. He signed within a few days with Providence.

Anybody who believes the rumor that Boston wants to trade Vin Campbell for "Rebel" Oakes of the Cardinals is entitled to it.

Davy Altizer continues to play wonderful ball in the American association. In that company Davy is always a genuine whaler.

Arthur Shafer, the young substitute infielder with the Giants, is showing all the signs of a future star. He is fast, runs bases well and hits the ball hard.

John Kling has a discouraged look on his face these days. He does not think that managing a tail-end combination is nearly as much fun as he did last summer.

A PLEASED SAVINGS BANK DEPOSITOR.

There is no county in Vermont, indeed, hardly a town in the state, or a state in the Union, that does not make deposits in the Hyde Park Savings Bank.

The unprecedented growth of that institution is the result of two things: first, confidence; second, satisfaction with its management.

Everybody is well treated at that bank and everybody is satisfied.

Ask your neighbor who deposits there and see if he does not vouch for the truthfulness of this statement.

Dorothy's Campaign

By John Philip Orth

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

State Senator John Andrews, widower, with a daughter Dorothy, had heard things, but had been too busy starting his campaign for re-election to investigate them. Those things had been about his daughter, and what they were he finally got around to say:

"Look here, they tell me you have gone into this nonsensical suffragette business."

"Yes, father," was the quiet reply. "I want you to drop it."

"I will just as soon as my committee reports."

"Committee?"

"Yes. We have a committee on legislative graft, and I am the chairman of it. We have uncovered some things to astonish the public."

"Eh? Eh?" queried the senator as he sat up.

"I think we shall be able to convict one or two senators."

"Do, eh? Well, you won't, and I don't want you fooling with such things. All this talk about graft is pure moonshine. Who has been telling you a lot of stuff?"

"Mr. Rayburn. He's a young man on the 'Examiner,' you know."

"What, you are acquainted with any one on that dish-rag of a sheet?" almost howled the father.

"Just Mr. Rayburn, and he's awful nice."

"Nice! Nice! Why the whole pack of them on that paper are liars and scoundrels! Don't you know that they are pitching into me in almost every issue?"

"Yes, but I've heard you say that your record was so pure that they couldn't tarnish it."

"Of course they can't," replied the senator as he hitched uneasily, "but one doesn't want the curs yapping at his heels all the time. You just drop that young Rayburn like a hot potato!"

"I think he is thinking of calling on you."

"If he does I'll throw him through a window!"

"Thinking of calling on you to ask for my hand?"

The senator gave three jumps. The first carried him ten feet from his



chair. The second turned him around. The third jumped him back to where he started from. Then he shouted:

"Never! Never! Never! Warn him not to come! Tell him he'll walk into his own grave if he does! I believe it was his hand that penned the article slandering me last Sunday. If you read it it should have made your blood boil."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the loving daughter. "You see, we, as suffragettes, get used to such things. Then George can't come and ask for my hand?"

"All right, father. He'll naturally be disappointed, but he must put up with it."

"Then you are not going to elope?"

"Oh, no. I shall not marry without your consent."

"And you'll never get it to marry Rayburn or any one else that has ever worked on the 'Examiner.'"

That closed the interview for three days. Then Miss Dorothy made opportunity to say:

"Father, dear, I think it is my duty as an affectionate daughter to say that Mr. Rayburn has got hold of a document that seems to concern you."

"Concern me, how?"

"It seems that he knows—or knew—a man named Tim Donahue. He went to the house the other night to smoke a pipe with him, and found him dying."

"What! Tim Donahue dying!" exclaimed the senator.

"And poor Tim had something on his mind to confess. It seems that he was connected with some senatorial graft a year or two ago, and he felt it his duty to expose it. He made a written confession, and Mr. Rayburn has it in his pocket. I think your name is mentioned, but of course, as your record has been whiter than snow—"

"It has—it has, but hang Tim if he gave me away! That is, if he lied about me! I want you to get that document for me!"

"I will try, but I don't know. I told Mr. Rayburn how you felt toward him, and naturally he was hurt."

"Moonshining" in Scotland. The discovery was made, recently, in the mountainous region near Kyle of Lochalsh (Scotland) by the Rosshire preventive staff of a complete illicit whisky distilling plant. The still was covered with a cairn, and had a capacity of 20 gallons, the smoke being led along the mountain side. The smugglers had conducted a regular traffic.

Fairs to Come. Valley fair, Battisboro, September 24-26.

Tunbridge fair, September 24-26.

The Tribune Farmer

Is the best Agricultural paper. It comes every week. For \$1.50 we send THE AGE and Tribune Farmer for one year.

Three or four days passed, with the senator trying hard to appear indifferent, but really anxious, and then he felt compelled to ask:

"Well, Dorothy, what about that wonderful death-bed confession?"

"I am sorry to tell you, daddy, that there is still worse news. Mr. Rayburn happened to be on the spot the other day when a man named Shane was run down by a street car. Mr. Rayburn is tender-hearted and generous, and he consoled the injured man and sent his wife \$50. He couldn't be saved, however, but before he died he made a confession. He was a member of the legislature when the good roads scandal came out. Perhaps you know him?"

"The infernal rascal! Did he mention my name?"

"I think he did, daddy. I think he confessed that he and you divided up on something."

"It's a lie, of course, but I want that document as well as the other. There'll be some fools that will believe what a dying man says of an honest politician. Perhaps that Mr. Rayburn—"

"I don't think he would come to see you, daddy. You know you threatened him."

"Then he can stay away. I can get half a dozen good men to swear that Shane was a liar."

The senator walked around with his chest thrown out and a self-satisfied air, but he was worried. He was being written up in his party organs as the snow-white candidate. He wanted to seem defiant, even to his daughter, and it wasn't many days before he asked in what he thought was a jocular tone:

"Well, suffragette, any further alarms?"

"Why, yes, daddy. That is, you may not think it worth minding, owing to your snow-white record, but Mr. Rayburn considers it a great find."

"Dang Mr. Rayburn!"

"So I say, but you see he has got another death-bed confession. He drove out the other day to see Farmer Bramble. It seems that the farmer owned land where the aqueduct is to run, and by the aid of a certain politician and state senator he was enabled to get \$12,000 for land worth about \$2,000. Of course, there was a divvy in it."

"They can't prove it," shouted the senator.

"Perhaps not, but you see the farmer had been kicked by a mule and lay dying. He couldn't die in peace until he had confessed that the senator got two-thirds of the graft. Mr. Ray